



Top to Bottom:

1. Purple: Halo

2. Green: Jaw

3. Blue: Eye

4. Indigo: Lung

5. Red: Wings

6. Orange: Heart

7. Yellow: Hand

Divine Mockery, the “Seraphs”

Summoned into the world using the multitudinous corpses of its catalysts, the angel is designed to bear resemblance to the real-life Christian seraphim in the myths of creation while standing in direct contrast to the established religious belief in the canon of the PAEAN, in that an angel is one who has rejected all seven of their emotions and attachments to worldly hubris to ascend to divinity. The force called “angels” here can be instead named bearer of sins, enforcing the concept of death onto the host body while putting on full display the seven malices, a display of utter mockery in the same order one would be required to cast off. It also shows the role reversal of the role of angels in fiction, rather than one acting on benevolence or malevolence, is simply a herald bringing forth destruction while singing disconcerting noises of laments, paralleling the oppressive forces who in their preys’ times of hardship and desperation exploiting it for their own good.

Parsing Themes

Desire—Greed: Halo & Sword

The rejection starts with the absolution of desire, here further parted into two: the desire for status and power, reflected through the thorny halo, and the desire for the materialistics, reflected through the sword. To let go, one must first let go of the feeling of holding back, and in the ritual, one must first rid themselves of the riches in their possession, relieve all servants and serfs of their duty, before returning to their birthplace with naught but the plainest of clothes. In the nameless protagonist’s journey, this is portrayed through his act of forgoing his egos and safety to trace his path homeward, an act of abandoning desire. For the angels, the halo sits high atop their form, signaling a being of higher standing, one who desires the reverence of those beneath them, while the sword razing the ground acts not out of anger or hatred, but simply as a desire to exhibit the power of the divine.

Sorrow—Gluttony: Jaws

On the second day of the end is the absolution of sorrow, meaning to relieve the dying of the dwelling sadness, should it be weary on their soul, to look forward to a tranquil finale. As for the ritual, the prepared must do as little as organize their thoughts and still their mind, avoid discussions treading into the territory of misery, a deep breath in, and a slow breath out. Reflected through the homebound brother, the man has lost his everything, and through desperation, he became content with the world and with himself, face holding a forlorn look yet sadness he could feel no more. The angels, meanwhile, use their jaws to mouth indistinguishable mourning and melancholic choir-like voices, although whether it is a mockery of mankind or what little left over of humanity squeezed between their compound flesh is unknown.

Pleasure—Pride: Eyes

The human emotions have two levels of happiness: Of surviving, and of prospering. On the third day is the absolution of the outer layer, the happiness of prospering, of pleasure. It is reflected through the eyes, the visage of the tried, and to cast it off, one must remove themselves from any worldly satisfaction, from reflections of themselves, be it in the mirror or on water, and must refrain from laughing, from overtly engaging in topics of discussions should it be damaging to the process. The protagonist, in this stage, has long cast off his worldly pleasure along with sadness, for the world ablaze has nought but ruins, and so his eyes dulled, their brightness could no longer see through the ashened clouds to look for the stars still high above. As for the angels, their eyes are multifold, overseeing not only the ruining of their own doings but also the fleeing specks of men on the ground, yet they care not, for the “pleasure” that they know those lights are but bound to be extinguished sooner or later.

Hatred—Envy: Lung

Crossing the middle line in the seven-day process, on the fourth day is the absolution of hatred, of distaste and resentment for those who have wronged you, be it the grand or the miniscule. On this day, the participant must seek to quell their soul of harmful thoughts, and similar to the rejection of sorrow, keep their

heart steady and their chi still, avoiding gossips and incessant thoughts about other people. For the protagonist, his hatred for his brother has long quelled, long stilled, and with the cast-off with each step he can feel his chests shriveling in an obnoxious comfort as he struggles for air. The angels, on the other hand, while not beings of intentional hatred, still flay their rib cages open, shape resembling that of a foreboding wing that will eventually develop into anger.

Anger—Wrath: Wings

Stepping onto the fifth is the absolution of anger, of distaste and resentment for those who you have wronged, be it the grand or the miniscule. On this day, those who have inflicted pain must seek to atone and amend them, and they will be prepared papers and ink to pen out their remorse for the actions of years past. At the end of their process, these letters will be sealed and delivered to their respective recipients, as a way to express their final words of atonement. The man in the story was not fortunate enough to be able to pour his feelings out into words, to etch it into the workings of the world however small they might be, and so he resorted to singing his final parting songs, a melody woeful amidst the night river. In contrast are the angels, whose wings bear the most resemblance to the seraphim myths of old. Representing wrath and anger, the six wings are the throne on which situates their magnate, seemingly, mindlessly casting eradications on to the already-burning world below.

Love—Lust: Heart

On the penultimatum, the cusp of parting, the tried must rid themselves of all connections to the outside world, locking themselves in their final bastion against the end of mind in an absolution of love. No single person or animal is allowed to converse with the goer, be it through talking or through paper, and must sit outside in preparation should they wish to take care of the subject after their parting. The protagonist, at the point where his heart has long bled dry of love and of affection, is content. Rhythmic beats still does it work, yet it was parched and agonizing, and with the last of his love, he discards it whole, leaving a spot filled with unending darkness in the shape of a heart, shortly before a nauseating comfort replaces it whole. The angels' trifold heart, on the other hand, is radiating

with light and, not warm, but burning heat, a “love” so paradoxical it seeks only to destroy all surrounding it, leaving none in its way.

Joy—Sloth: Hands

The cusp of divinity, the changing of fates, the ultimate. On this last day, the absolution of joy is held, wherein the prepared must rid themselves of “joy”, of the jubilee of living, of surviving, by placing themselves amidst a room and descending into a final slumber as they part for the world above. The protagonist completes his year-long ritual when he finishes his parting song, and as the final calling to his brother escapes his lips, his emancipated body descends the lake, and in doing so, in reaching the lowest he has ever been in life, the man has, at the same time, inadvertently proving himself worthy of the folk tales of days past to become the mythical “angel,” the force of protection and shelter against the hardship of the world, ones where, ironically, is littered with the handprints of the so-called “seraphs.”